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Body Snatched Part 1 of 2

The story so far...

After leaving new friend Kevin on a futuristic space station, The Doctor, Amy, and Rory continue their travels. Having fought giant space squids, Sontaran armies, Viking footballers and an alien Jack the Ripper, Amy wonders what could possibly be next, but even she can't imagine the terrors of... a post office...

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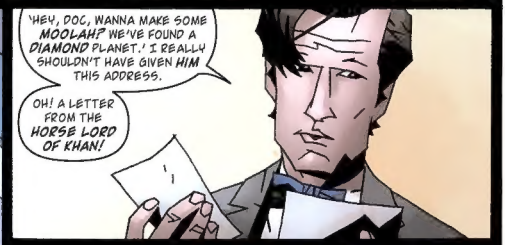
THE 45TH CENTURY.
AHA! THE TRANS-UNIVERSAL UNION! ANY LETTER, ANY TIME, ANY COSMOS!
A POST OFFICE. YOU'VE BROUGHT US TO A POST OFFICE.
OF COURSE! HOW ELSE CAN I PICK UP MY MAIL?
YOU GET MAIL? I THOUGHT YOU GET CALLS ON THAT MAGIC PHONE THING OF YOURS.
TRUE, BUT I NEED ALTERNATE WAYS TO GET MESSAGES THROUGH TO ME FROM MY FRIENDS.
THE GREAT THING ABOUT THIS PLACE IS THAT ALL MAIL IS PLACED INTO A STASIS DRAWER. YOU CAN COME BACK HUNDREDS OF YEARS LATER AND IT'S STILL WAITING FOR YOU!
RIGHT. SO, HOW LONG AGO DID YOU SET THIS UP?
I HAVEN'T, YET.

HE HASN'T SET THIS UP YET. SO, OF COURSE, IT'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM. BECAUSE HE'S THE DOCTOR. NORMALITY IS JUST A WORD HE'S HEARD OF.
YOU WANT NORMAL? HAVE YOU SEEN HOW WE LIVE LATELY?
FAIR POINT.

SO, HOW DOES THIS WORK THEN?
WELL, THE NEXT TIME I DROP YOU TWO OFF FOR A BREAK, I'LL GO BACK AND SET UP THE ACCOUNT, THEN PASS THE DETAILS TO THE PEOPLE WHO NEED THEM.
THEN, A FEW HUNDRED YEARS LATER, I'LL COME BACK AND PICK UP THE MAIL. NO, WAIT, ALREADY DONE THAT PART.

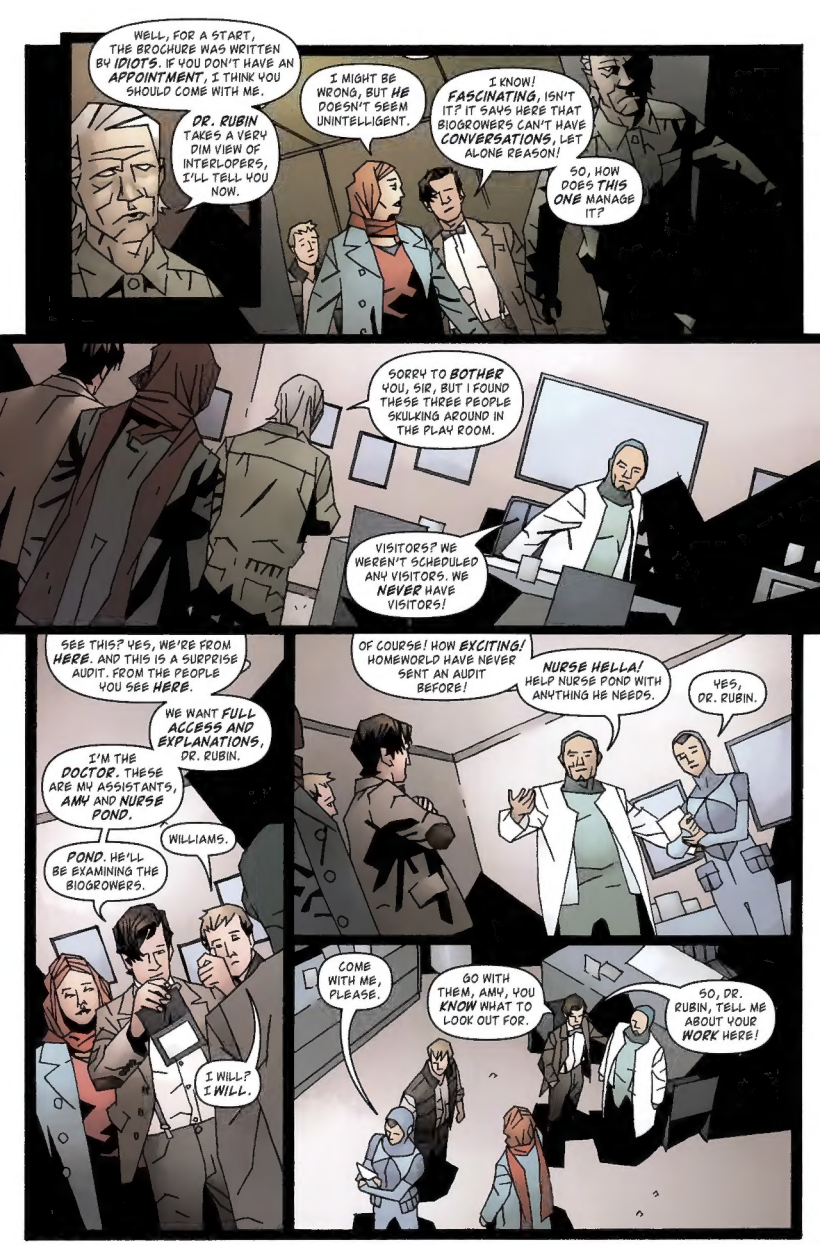

'HEY, DOC, WANNA MAKE SOME MOOLAH? WE'VE FOUND A DIAMOND PLANET.' I REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN HIM THIS ADDRESS.
OH! A LETTER FROM THE HORSE LORD OF KHAN!

YOU KNOW SOMEONE CALLED THE HORSE LORD OF KHAN? THAT'S HIS NAME? MUST HAVE BEEN A LONG CHRISTENING.
MAYBE HIS TRUE NAME IS A SERIES OF SNORTS AND WHINNIES?
HE LIKES TO BE CALLED TREVOR, ACTUALLY. HMM. HE'S IN TROUBLE. HE NEEDS OUR HELP.
THE LETTER WAS SENT TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO—

TWO HUNDRED YEARS? HOW DOES THAT HELP? OH. YEAH, I GET IT. TIME MACHINE. OF COURSE.
I'LL JUST SHUT UP NOW.

HE DOESN'T SAY MUCH. PROBABLY COULDN'T WRITE IT ALL DOWN, BUT HE'S CURRENTLY LOCKED DOWN IN BEDLAM.
BEDLAM? THE INSANE ASYLUM?
BUT THE BETHLEHEM ROYAL PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL IS IN VICTORIAN LONDON! TELL ME WE'RE NOT GOING BACK THERE AGAIN?
NOT THAT BEDLAM, RORY, BUT SIMILAR. TOO SIMILAR.
THE PLANET OF BEDLAM, MODELED ON THE ORIGINAL HOSPITAL.
WELL, MORE OF AN ASTEROID IN A GEOSTATIONARY ORBIT AROUND A PLANET THAN A PLANET, PER SE.
STILL, A CALL FOR HELP IS A CALL FOR HELP. HE'D DO THE SAME FOR ME.
ALTHOUGH HE'D PROBABLY, YOU KNOW, USE HORSES OR SOMETHING.
HOLD ON!
VWORP VWORP

THE PLANET HOSPITAL OF BEDLAM. A LARGE HOSPITAL WITH ONLY ONE TYPE OF PATIENT.
BIOGROWERS.
BIOGROWERS?
OR GREEN SUITS, OR GROWBOYS, PLUG AND PLAYS OR PETRI PEOPLE. THE NAMES THAT HUMANS COME UP WITH FOR THEM ARE ENDLESS.
IT SAYS HERE THEIR OFFICIAL NAME IS BIO-ORGANIC PLASMATOID CREATION, BUT THEY PRETTY MUCH MEAN INTELLIGENT BROCCOLI.
CREATED TWO CENTURIES EARLIER, THE BIOGROWERS ARE THE PERFECT SERVANT. GROWN FROM POD TO PERSON IN A WEEK, THEY LIVE FOR A HUNDRED YEARS, NEVER AGING.
ALWAYS FOLLOWING ORDERS WITHOUT THE INTELLIGENCE TO QUESTION THEM, ABLE TO PERFORM LIMITED MANUAL TASKS.
SO, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE ONES HERE? THEY DON'T EVEN SEEM TO KNOW THAT WE'RE BESIDE THEM!
THEY DON'T. IT SAYS HERE THAT BIOGROWERS HAVE ONE MAJOR FLAW. A BODY THAT LASTS A HUNDRED YEARS...
...BUT A BRAIN THAT ONLY LASTS FIFTY. THE SECOND HALF OF, WELL, THEIR LIVES IS LIVED IN A CATATONIC STATE.
PROBLEM IS, THOUSANDS OF CATATONIC BIOGROWERS MEAN A MASSIVE DRAIN OF RESOURCES. SO BEDLAM WAS BUILT.
A PLACE TO DUMP YOUR SERVANT WHEN HE BREAKS DOWN, TENDED TO BY OTHERS, LIKE THIS ONE.
STATE YOUR PURPOSE.
SEE? THEY MANAGE SIMPLE SENTENCES, BUT THE BROCHURE SAYS THAT'S ABOUT ALL.


WELL, FOR A START, THE BROCHURE WAS WRITTEN BY IDIOTS. IF YOU DON'T HAVE AN APPOINTMENT, I THINK YOU SHOULD COME WITH ME.
DR. RUBIN TAKES A VERY DIM VIEW OF INTERLOPERS, I'LL TELL YOU NOW.
I MIGHT BE WRONG, BUT HE DOESN'T SEEM UNINTELLIGENT.
I KNOW! FASCINATING, ISN'T IT? IT SAYS HERE THAT BIOGROWERS CAN'T HAVE CONVERSATIONS, LET ALONE REASON!
SO, HOW DOES THIS ONE MANAGE IT?
SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, SIR, BUT I FOUND THESE THREE PEOPLE SKULKING AROUND IN THE PLAY ROOM.
VISITORS? WE WEREN'T SCHEDULED ANY VISITORS. WE NEVER HAVE VISITORS!
SEE THIS? YES, WE'RE FROM HERE. AND THIS IS A SURPRISE AUDIT. FROM THE PEOPLE YOU SEE HERE.
WE WANT FULL ACCESS AND EXPLANATIONS, DR. RUBIN.
I'M THE DOCTOR. THESE ARE MY ASSISTANTS, AMY AND NURSE POND.
WILLIAMS.
POND. HE'LL BE EXAMINING THE BIOGROWERS.
I WILL? I WILL.
OF COURSE! HOW EXCITING! HOMEWORLD HAVE NEVER SENT AN AUDIT BEFORE!
NURSE HELLA! HELP NURSE POND WITH ANYTHING HE NEEDS.
YES, DR. RUBIN.
COME WITH ME, PLEASE.
GO WITH THEM, AMY, YOU KNOW WHAT TO LOOK OUT FOR.
SO, DR. RUBIN, TELL ME ABOUT YOUR WORK HERE!

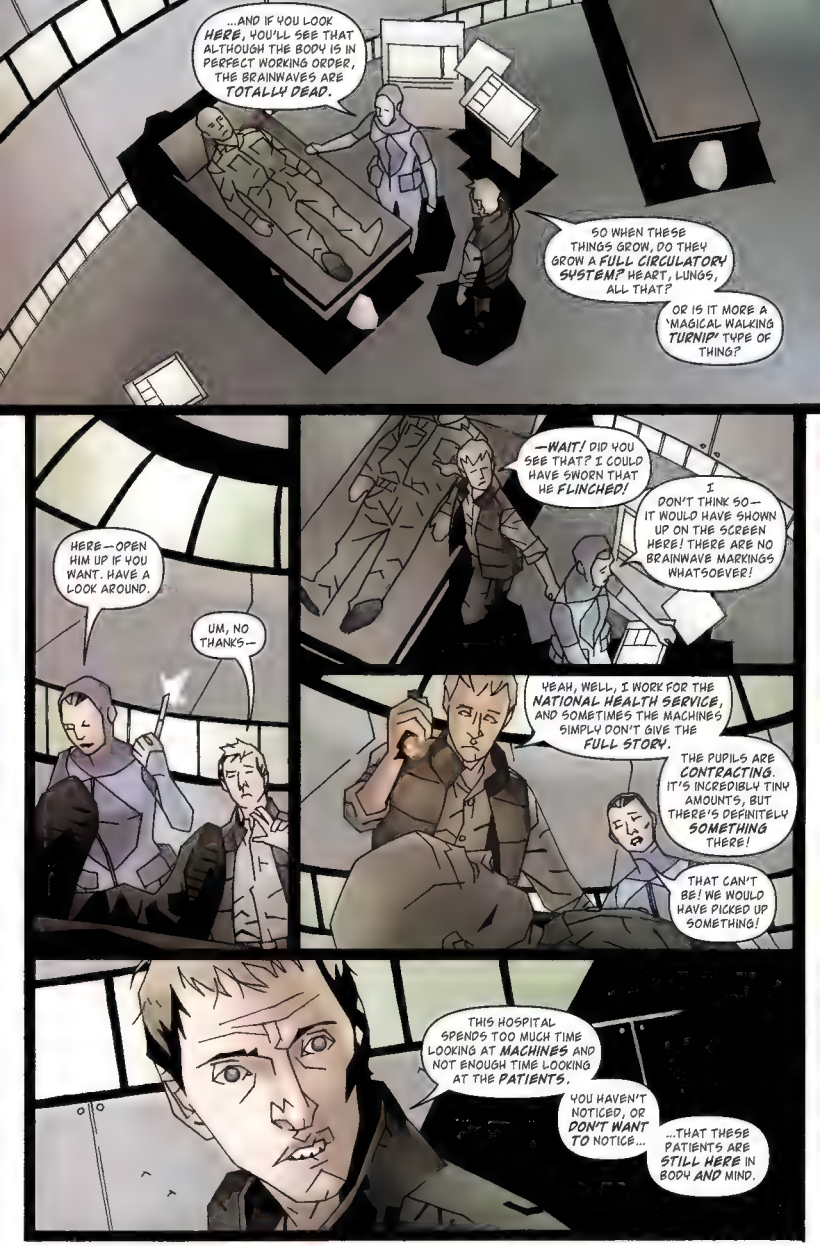
SO, HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE?
ABOUT TWO YEARS. AND THAT'S TWO YEARS TOO LONG.
YOU DON'T LIKE IT HERE?
NOBODY LIKES IT HERE! IT'S A HOUSE OF THE DEAD—THEY JUST HAVEN'T STOPPED MOVING YET.
I'M A NURSE. I TEND TO THE SICK. BUT THERE'S NOTHING HERE TO TEND—THE GREEN SUITS JUST WAIT UNTIL THEIR CLOCK RUNS OUT.
ONCE THE MIND GOES... NOTHING.
HERE, LOOK FOR YOURSELVES.

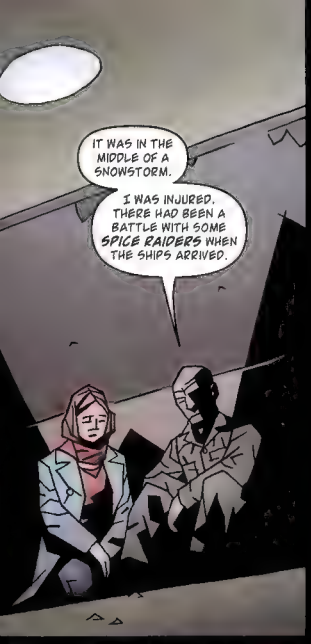
SO, WHAT HAPPENS?
DESIGN FLAW. IN THEIR 51ST YEAR OF LIFE, THE BRAIN SIMPLY SWITCHES OFF.
THINK OF IT LIKE A COMPUTER—THE BODY IS THE CASE, THE MIND THE DRIVE THAT RUNS IT.
AFTER FIFTY YEARS THE DRIVE IS WIPED OF ALL DATA. THE COMPUTER STILL LOOKS FINE, BUT IT'S EMPTY OF ALL INFORMATION AND COMMANDS.
SO, THEY HAVE NO USE? THAT'S HARSH.
WELL, THAT'S NOT TOTALLY TRUE. DR. RUBIN HAS COME UP WITH AN INSPIRED SOLUTION—TRANSMIGRATORY MEMORY MAPPING.
BASICALLY, HE BELIEVES THAT ONE DAY WE COULD PUT SOMEONE ELSE'S MIND INTO A BIOGROWER BODY.
THINK OF THE POSSIBILITIES! YOU'RE PARALYSED, OR HAVE A DEBILITATING, TERMINAL DISEASE? NOT ANYMORE!
YOU'RE THE GREATEST MIND IN THE UNIVERSE AND YOU'RE DYING—TRANSFER TO A NEW BODY! FIFTY GUARANTEED YEARS OF HEALTH!
AND THE BIOGROWERS DON'T MIND THIS?
WELL, THIS IS ALL STILL THEORETICAL—WE'RE YEARS AWAY FROM TESTING!

WHAT'S DOWN THERE?
NOTHING. THAT'S THE INTENSIVE CARE UNIT. SOMETIMES A TEST REACTS BADLY.
THEY'RE KEPT AWAY FROM THE OTHERS, AND DR. RUBIN TENDS TO THEM PERSONALLY.
ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?
IT'D BETTER NOT BE ANYTHING ABOUT THE PRETTY YOUNG NURSE BESIDE YOU.
KEEP HER DISTRACTED, BUT NOT TOO DISTRACTED. I'LL GO AND HAVE A LOOK, SEE IF TREVOR IS DOWN THERE.
IT'S BROCCOLI. NOTHING MORE THAN BROCCOLI.
HOW BAD CAN AN EXPERIMENT ON BROCCOLI GO?
WHERE ARE MY LEGS?! I SHOULD HAVE SEVEN! WHERE ARE THE OTHER FIVE?
YOU THINK YOU ARE BETTER THAN ME? THE RE'NAR ARE THE FIERCEST IN THE COSMOS!
PAH! MY CHILDREN COULD BEAT YOU, LIZARD SCUM!

OH MY GOD... THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!
ARGH!
PLEASE! I HAVE A REFLECTION! WHY DO I HAVE A REFLECTION?! I CAN'T TURN THE FILTER OFF!
I CAN'T BECOME SATURNYNIAN ANYMORE!
BACK AWAY, VAMPYRIC SCUM! GO STAND IN THE SUN!
NOT THAT IT'LL AFFECT YOU ANYMORE!
SOME CAN'T WORK OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED. SOME THINK IT A BAD DREAM. WE HAD A JUDOON HERE ONCE...
...IT PULLED IT'S OWN HEAD OFF. YOU'RE WITH THE DOCTOR, RIGHT?
YES, HOW DID YOU KNOW? WHO ARE YOU?
BECAUSE I AM—OR RATHER WAS—THE HORSE LORD OF KHAN.

THINK OF IT, DOCTOR! LIFE-CRIPPLING INJURIES WILL BE A THING OF THE PAST!
JUST UPLOAD YOURSELF INTO A NEW BODY AND TO HELL WITH THE OLD ONE!
OH, I CAN SEE THE ADVANTAGES, DR. RUBIN, BUT I CAN ALSO SEE THE... TEMPTATIONS IT MIGHT GIVE.
WELL, I'D BE LYING IF I DIDN'T ADMIT THAT SOME OF OUR MORE... RICHER... PATRONS ARE INTERESTED IN EXTENDING THEIR LIVES THIS WAY.
TAKE A LOOK AT JARVIS, DOCTOR! SERVED ME FOR DECADES BEFORE ILLNESS TOOK HIS BODY!
NOW HE HAS A NEW BREATH OF LIFE! THE FIRST-EVER TEST SUBJECT!
IT'S A STRANGE SENSATION, I'LL ADMIT, BUT AT THE SAME TIME, I'VE NEVER FELT BETTER.
SOL, YOU COULD BE THE GREATEST THING TO HAPPEN TO HUMANITY.
OR THE WORST THING TO BLIGHT IT.
OH, IT'S NOT JUST HUMANITY, DOCTOR! ALL CREATURES CAN DO THIS! IMAGINE THE PROSPECTS!
A FISH CAN WALK ON LAND! METHANE BREATHERS CAN STAND IN THE SUN!
LOOK, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT— COME AND LOOK AT THE DEVICE. WHATEVER YOU DECIDE, I'LL ABIDE BY.
BUT SEE IT IN WORK, JUST ONCE BEFORE YOU DECIDE.


...AND IF YOU LOOK HERE, YOU'LL SEE THAT ALTHOUGH THE BODY IS IN PERFECT WORKING ORDER, THE BRAINWAVES ARE TOTALLY DEAD.
SO WHEN THESE THINGS GROW, DO THEY GROW A FULL CIRCULATORY SYSTEM? HEART, LUNGS, ALL THAT?
OR IS IT MORE A 'MAGICAL WALKING TURNIP' TYPE OF THING?
HERE—OPEN HIM UP IF YOU WANT. HAVE A LOOK AROUND.
UM, NO THANKS—
—WAIT! DID YOU SEE THAT? I COULD HAVE SWORN THAT HE FLINCHED!
I DON'T THINK SO—IT WOULD HAVE SHOWN UP ON THE SCREEN HERE! THERE ARE NO BRAINWAVE MARKINGS WHATSOEVER!
YEAH, WELL, I WORK FOR THE NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE, AND SOMETIMES THE MACHINES SIMPLY DON'T GIVE THE FULL STORY.
THE PUPILS ARE CONTRACTING. IT'S INCREDIBLY TINY AMOUNTS, BUT THERE'S DEFINITELY SOMETHING THERE!
THAT CAN'T BE! WE WOULD HAVE PICKED UP SOMETHING!
THIS HOSPITAL SPENDS TOO MUCH TIME LOOKING AT MACHINES AND NOT ENOUGH TIME LOOKING AT THE PATIENTS.
YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, OR DON'T WANT TO NOTICE...
...THAT THESE PATIENTS ARE STILL HERE IN BODY AND MIND.

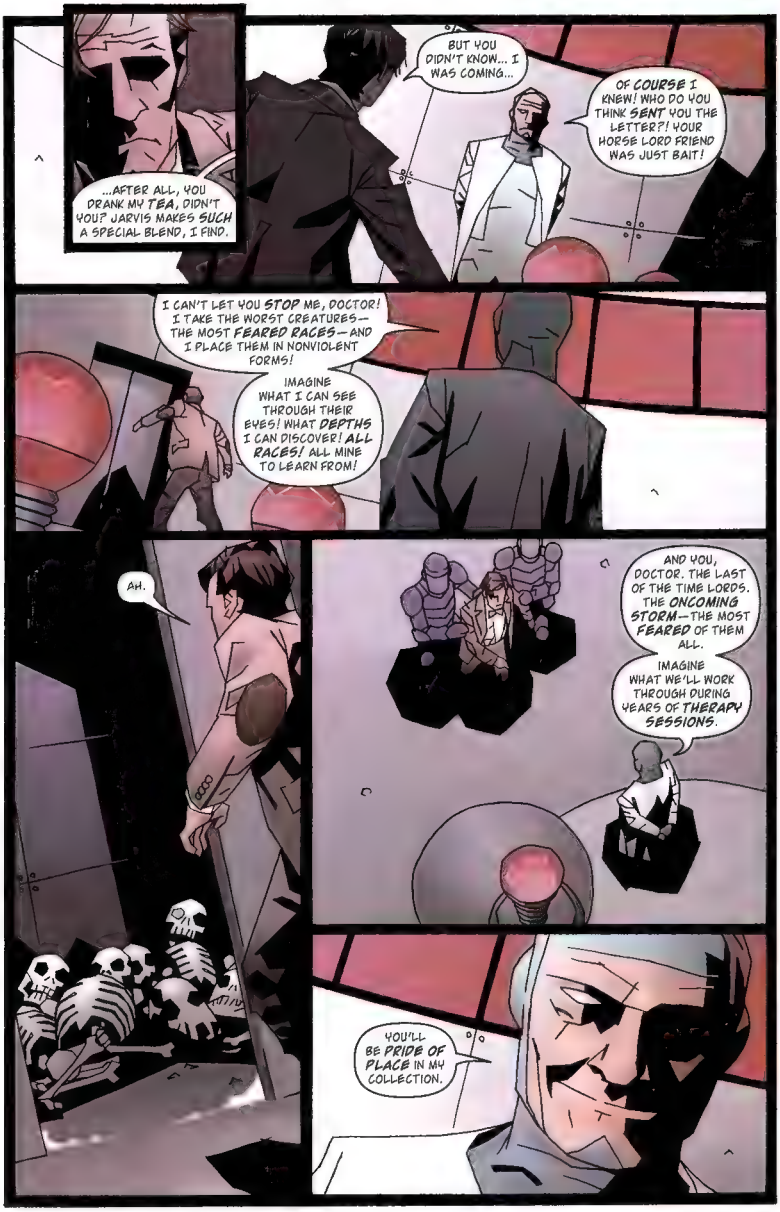

IT WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF A SNOWSTORM.
I WAS INJURED. THERE HAD BEEN A BATTLE WITH SOME SPICE RAIDERS WHEN THE SHIPS ARRIVED.

THEY TOOK ME ON BOARD, SAID I WAS ON A MEDICAL VESSEL, BUT I WASN'T. I WAS ON A SHIP THAT HEADED STRAIGHT BACK HERE.
I ONLY SAW SOL RUBIN ONCE, HE CHECKED MY RESTRAINTS AND SAID I WAS A 'GOOD SPECIMEN'.
SPECIMEN OF WHAT?
LOOK AROUND, AMY. THERE'S ONE OF EVERY SENTIENT CREATURE FOR FIVE PARSECS HERE, OUR MINDS TRANSFERRED AND TRAPPED IN VEGETABLE BODIES.
WE'RE SOL RUBIN'S PRIVATE COLLECTION— HIS TOYBOX OF HORRORS.

THEN WE NEED TO GET YOU BACK TO YOUR REAL BODY! THE DOCTOR WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO!
THAT'S THE PROBLEM, I DON'T HAVE A REAL BODY ANYMORE. THE MOMENT RUBIN TRANSFERRED ME, HE MADE ME WATCH IT BURN TO ASH.
I WROTE TO THE DOCTOR, BUT I NEVER SENT THE MESSAGE BECAUSE I KNEW THE RISK IT WOULD BE.
WAIT, WE RECEIVED YOUR MESSAGE!
I KNOW. RUBIN MUST HAVE FOUND IT AND SENT IT ANYWAY.
BUT WHY WOULD HE DO THAT? WHAT POSSIBLE REASON COULD RUBIN HAVE FOR TRICKING US HERE?

THE DOCTOR IS THE LAST OF THE TIME LORDS. THE LAST, AMY.
HE'S A COLLECTOR'S DREAM.
OH NO... I HAVE TO TELL HIM. I HAVE TO WARN HIM!
WE LEFT HIM ALONE WITH RUBIN!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? TRESPASSER!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT WE DO WITH TRESPASSERS HERE?
RUN AMY! GET TO THE—
ARRGHHH!
GET TO THE DOCTOR!

SO LET ME SEE—THE PATIENT PUTS HIS HAND HERE, AND THE BIOGROWER THERE?
HAND, ARM, FACE—ANY PIECE OF SKIN WORKS FOR THE TRANSFER, OR AS I LIKE TO CALL IT, UPLOAD.
IT'S GOOD WORKMANSHIP. WHERE DO YOU PUT THE BODIES?
BODIES?
YOU KNOW, THE FLESHY REMAINS OF THE PATIENTS WHEN THEY SWAP. DO YOU FREEZE THEM? FIFTEEN-DAY BODY-BACK GUARANTEE? OR ARE THEY DUMPED IN THE TRASH?
I'D ASSUME THE LATTER. AFTER ALL, YOU DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO SEE THE TYPES OF ALIENS YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING WITH, DO YOU?
OH MY. YOU'VE GUESSED MY LITTLE SECRET. HOW DID YOU WORK IT OUT?
WELL, I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN, I JUST NEEDED PROOF.
TRACES OF SLITHEEN, SYCORAX, EVEN GIZHOU DNA SHOWING ON THE TRANSFER GLOBE. YOU REALLY SHOULD CLEAN UP AFTER YOURSELVES.
YOU TOOK A FRIEND OF MINE FOR YOUR TWISTED TROPHY CASE, AND THAT MAKES IT PERSONAL.
YOU CAN'T OUTTHINK ME, OUTSMART ME OR OUTBLUFF ME, SO I SUGGEST—
OH, BUT I ALREADY HAVE, DOCTOR...


...AFTER ALL, YOU DRANK MY TEA, DIDN'T YOU? JARVIS MAKES SUCH A SPECIAL BLEND, I FIND.
BUT YOU DIDN'T KNOW... I WAS COMING...
OF COURSE I KNEW! WHO DO YOU THINK SENT YOU THE LETTER?! YOUR HORSE LORD FRIEND WAS JUST BAIT!
I CAN'T LET YOU STOP ME, DOCTOR! I TAKE THE WORST CREATURES— THE MOST FEARED RACES— AND I PLACE THEM IN NONVIOLENT FORMS!
IMAGINE WHAT I CAN SEE THROUGH THEIR EYES! WHAT DEPTHS I CAN DISCOVER! ALL RACES! ALL MINE TO LEARN FROM!
AH.
AND YOU, DOCTOR. THE LAST OF THE TIME LORDS. THE ONCOMING STORM—THE MOST FEARED OF THEM ALL.
IMAGINE WHAT WE'LL WORK THROUGH DURING YEARS OF THERAPY SESSIONS.
YOU'LL BE PRIDE OF PLACE IN MY COLLECTION.

RORY! I'VE FOUND SOMETHING TERRIBLE!
ME, TOO! THE BIOGROWERS AREN'T ERASED!
THEY'RE IN SOME KIND OF DEEP HIBERNATION THAT THE MACHINES CAN'T PICK UP!
WE HAVE TO STOP RUBIN FROM STARTING HIS TRANSFERS!
HE'S ALREADY STARTED! THERE'S A ROOM DOWN THERE—TREVOR'S IN IT!
A ROOM FULL OF ALIENS THAT RUBIN'S TRANSFERRED INTO BODIES! HIS OWN SICK COLLECTION!
THAT CAN'T BE! WE'D KNOW!
ARE YOU SURE? THE ROOM I FOUND WAS QUITE WELL GUARDED! I ONLY JUST GOT OUT!
HE TAKES ONE OF EACH RACE, TRANSFERS THEM, AND THEN BURNS THE BODY!
WE NEED TO WARN THE DOCTOR!
LOOK, HELLA, THIS ISN'T YOUR FAULT, BUT YOU'RE A PART OF IT. IF ALIEN MINDS ARE BEING PUT IN BIOGROWERS AND THE BIOGROWERS AWAKEN, WHAT COULD HAPPEN?
TWO MINDS CLAIMING DOMINANCE—IT'D BE A RIOT! AND IF DR. RUBIN IS DOING THIS, THEN HE NEEDS TO BE TOLD OF THESE DISCOVERIES!
BUT IT WOULD TAKE SOMETHING LIKE A MASSIVE ELECTRIC SHOCK TO WAKE ONE!
LIKE A SHOCK STICK? THE GUARDS USED ONE ON TREVOR! WE NEED TO WARN EVERYONE!
LET'S GO THEN! COME ALONG, POND!

AND YOU CAN ROT THERE!
SLAM
NOBODY SPEAKS TO THE HORSE LORD OF KHAN LIKE THAT. YOU'LL REGRET THAT WHEN I ESCAPE—
NNNGGG!
THAT SHOCK... GAVE A KILLER HEADACHE... MUST... GET OUT.
MUST... KILL.

SO, THIS IS YOUR PLAN? TO TURN ME INTO... INTO BROCCOLI? ANOTHER SPECIMEN TO PUT THROUGH YOUR MAZES?
WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THE BODY? BURN IT LIKE THE OTHERS?
OH NO, DOCTOR! I INTEND TO USE IT! IT'S ONE THING HAVING THE LAST OF THE TIME LORDS AS A TEST SUBJECT...
...BUT TO ACTUALLY BE ONE? I'LL BE A GOD! TELL ME, HOW MANY REGENERATIONS DO YOU HAVE? SEVEN? EIGHT? THINK OF THE YEARS I'LL HAVE!
YOU MIGHT NOT GET WHAT YOU WERE HOPING FOR, RUBIN! I'VE BEEN CARELESS OF LATE— JUST THROWING THEM AWAY!
OH NO, DOCTOR. YOU'RE UNIQUE. THE MACHINE IS BUILT ONLY TO HARNESS ONE INTELLIGENCE— THE BIOGROWERS BEING EMPTY SHELLS AND ALL THAT.
SO, WHAT? YOU JUST PLUG IN, PLUG OUT, PLUG IN? EVICT ME, AND TAKE POSSESSION?
IT'S SUICIDAL TO SWAP INTELLIGENCES— THE MACHINE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO TAKE IT. IT'D SEND AN ELECTRICAL FEEDBACK THROUGH THE ENTIRE HOSPITAL SYSTEM!
THE HUMAN BRAIN CAN'T HANDLE A TIME LORD'S BODY— BELIEVE ME, I'VE SEEN IT HAPPEN. STOP THIS NOW!
I'LL HAVE LIFETIMES TO EXAMINE THE OTHER SAMPLES—THE MOST FEARSOME RACES IN THE UNIVERSE—ALL IN A SIMPLE PLASMATOID FORM!
DOCTOR!
RORY! QUICK! WE NEED TO STOP THIS—

GET OFF HIM! YOU AREN'T GETTING HIM TODAY!
NO! THE PROCESS HAS BEGUN—
ARRRGHHHH!
THUMP
CLICK
FREEDOM. REVENGE.

AHH! DOCTOR!
DR. RUBIN! WHAT DID YOU DO?
HELP US! THE PATIENTS ARE RIOTING! THEY WERE HIT BY A FEEDBACK SURGE AND WENT MAD!
COME ON! GET UP!
TARDIS... GET US... TO TARDIS...
I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME! ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS EXAMINE EVIL—TO MAKE THE UNIVERSE BETTER!
THE BIOGROWERS—THEY'RE ALIVE! THEY'RE RIOTING! THE POWER GRID OVERLOADED. THE SECURITY LOCKS HAVE ALL OPENED!
THE BIOGROWERS ARE RIOTING? OR THE PEOPLE YOU STUCK IN THEIR BODIES ARE?
I KNOW EVERYTHING, DOCTOR! AND MORE BESIDES! THE BIOGROWERS' MINDS ARE STILL THERE! THEY'RE NOT EMPTY SHELLS!
AND I PUT THE MOST DANGEROUS CREATURES IN THE WORLD IN THEM!
THEY'LL BE SCHIZOPHRENIC! INSANE! WE'RE DOOMED!
I DID THIS FOR THE RIGHT REASONS! YOU CAN'T JUDGE ME!
DOCTOR! I DID THIS FOR EVERYONE! I ORDER YOU TO HELP US!

AMY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
AMY, TALK TO ME! SAY SOMETHING! I LOVE YOU!
AND I... I LOVE YOU, TOO.
WHAT?
WE NEED TO WORK OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED... WHY DO I FEEL SO... WRONG?
OH NO.
DOCTOR! WHAT'S GOING ON?! WHY DO I LOOK LIKE THIS?
DOCTOR, WHY ARE YOU PRETENDING TO BE AMY?
BECAUSE SHE IS AMY, RORY. OUR MINDS, OUR PERSONALITIES WERE TRANSFERRED WHEN SHE TOUCHED THE PLASMA GLOBE.
THE PLASMA GLOBE THAT THEN BLEW UP.
BUT IF IT'S DESTROYED...

IF IT'S DESTROYED, WE MIGHT HAVE NO OTHER WAY TO CHANGE BACK BEFORE WE STABILISE INTO THESE NEW BODIES...
...WHICH MEANS THAT WE COULD BE STUCK FOREVER!
NEXT: LOVE TRIANGLE!

DOCTOR WHO
NEXT MONTH ISSUE #11
DOCTOR
AMY
MEDS
RORY